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FREMONT JOURNAL

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DESPECTFULLY tenders professional services. The chief of the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the satural teath, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, gole or silver plate, force in the neatest manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently be flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire antisfaction to that be is prepared to render entire satisfaction to I love thee still! I love thee still! those who may desire his aid in any branch of the

Lethean Etheradministered, audtecthextracted without pain, if desired.
Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Rice's office. Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

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Osvice, as ormerly, on Frontstreet, opposite Deal's new building. Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850 .- 37

Important to those Afflicted! DRS. STONE & PATTERSON, ECLECTICS, WOULD inform the citizens of Clyde and vi-

our prempt attention, and successive to gain a liberal share of patronage.

To those who have been afflicted for years, and every body, (as they say,) we would be successive to the say, we would be successive to the say, we would be successive to the say. have tried every body, (as they say,) we would call their attention to this advertisement. We don't pretend that all diseases in all stages can be cured, yet there is a corable stage to all diseases and a great many can be cured after they have been pronounced incurable by many; and others relieved so as to be comfortable and enjoy life. It is unnecessary ever to enumerate all the diseases which flesh is heir to, and plant out the crable stage of each, but call and we will tell you, without any charge, whether your particular case can be cured melts and divides into drops, each of which

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

It was, we think, MACAULET, who said that most of the poctry published in newspapers, was be said of the following very beautiful and touching lines. If our readers do not admire it, we do not want them to read any more poetry in the letter on belonging to the mas-as beautiful as a dream of love. Those who read "The Deserted," which appeared last week, will here find the sequel; and if they should feel its

I LOVE THEE STILL.

Long years have passed since thy bright eyes Long years have passed since thy bright eyes
Beamed on me 'neath my native skies,
Thy home and mine, where love's first dream
Fluag crimson light on life's wild stream.
In other lands, by Grenian fanes,
By rains on Italian "plains,
Where slept the sunshine bright and warm,
I still beheld thy imaged form—
Ever my idel, none e'er stole Ever my idel, none e'er stole Tay resting place within my soul. When fills the cup the ruby wise The name I murmur still is thine, want of such work, you need not go abroad to get I leve thee still! I love thee still! I love thee still!

There is a such work through the still in thine, when it can be done just as well at home.

But seems to claim the for its own, But bears some strange and deep impress Of thy ideal loviness. I think the breeze which stirs my hair ties swept across thy forebead fair, And love it better that its wing Has touched an unforgotten string, That it has roused a music-tone Within a temple all thy own, And poured its incense at a shrine,
Where loves pure blossoms ever twine.
To thee the forming cup I fill,
I love thee still! I love thee still:

Venetian halls are bathed in light, And revels wild we hold to-night, Yet queenly forms are moving there With jewals wreathed amid their hair. 5. F. PRICE. And eyes of midnight's darkest shade Flash out beneath the ebon braid. Around the festal board we stand, The gelson wine-cup in each 'and,
Loud rings the laugh, high swells the steals,
And then—I think of thee again.
Voluntuous forms, the diamond's light, Steal not one thought from thee to-night— To thee snew the cup I fill, I love thee still! I love thee still!

I have to-night lived e'er each hour That bound my spirit by its power, Yet striving still to bash the tone. Becuse it wood me back to home. Crashing the barning dreams of love, With chains Ambition's fingers wove, When in dispair that all but brought. Thy image to my revered thought, I raised the cup, but one wild word Was trembling through each haunted chord, Moaning, while back the visions stole, In darked tracery, to my word, "Away! no more the gobiet fill-I love thee still, I love thee still !"

I saw a Jewish anniden fall Beside a temb-stone's entique wall. And lifted up each raven thread Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

And Solicitors in Chancery,

WILL attend to Professionathusiness and Land

Vagency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.
OFFICE 2d Story Buckland's Block, Fremont.
R. P. Buckland. [Homen Evenett.]

The same death-dampness cling to thes— And here are song, and dance, and light— More wine! the foaming goblet fill, I love thee still, I love thee still!

> Are gleaming through the raging flight-I see Napoleou's banners raised, Where Moscow's towers in ruius blazed, And, now, the crescent's crimson fold Streams out o'er casques embossed with gold, I dare not listen to thy tone, I crush my heart with iron will, Yet love thee still, yet love thee still!

Strange, that with love and war should rise, Strange, that with love and war should be a With gloom and mirth those freamy eyes,
That the god of battle's wing,
Thy form, the treeses dark should cling,
And that the thin white fingers twine Around the cap which holds the wine, That in the rouris princes flew That in the course princes and low,
These accents, musical and low,
That shuddering, shreiking from my chain
I weave its folds anew again.
Long left! long leved! from thy from trust, Fame's brightest visions shrink to dust, And though wild dreams my spirit fill, I love thee still! I love thee still!

Once more to crimson lips the cup, Be jeweled hands, lifted up. And feverish forms the gobiet drain, But I-1 seck my home sguin, On Fame's proud field the laurel won, Though o'er say brow dark years kave past, And, for thy long neglected faith, Bring back affection's truest breath, And murmur, while my heart-chords thrill,

Mliscellancons.

THE OLD ATHEIST !- Dead! and of all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Died, doubting to the last—old grayheaded Atheist! Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful; of a lady. his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his unbelief. "His eyes stood out wish fatness." It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than than the good." But by thrown off his guard. these wet clods on which the rain drips dismelly lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God" "Poer old Atheist!" One daughter lies broken-hearted in an early grave. One in a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young-est son the "old man's darling," rots in jail; the other died drunken. All were Atheists. V cinity that we have permanently located here, for the purpose of Practicing Medicine: and by our prompit attention, and successful cures, we hope our prompit attention, and successful cures, we hope never blighted. Sickness tainted not their beauty; care and disappointment left their

which flesh is heir to, and plant out the crable stage of each, but call and we will tell you, without any charge, whether your particular case can be cured melts and divides into drops, each of which 'You look far from well,' said Edmonds, Especial attention will be paid to Females who have Diseases peculiar to themselves.

L. C. STONE, M. D. J. PATTERSON, N. D. J. PATTERSON, N. D. July 31''52.

*You look far from well, with apparant sympathy. with apparant sympathy. Why, Edward! you are forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an imforms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of His love."

Why, Edward! you are pale, and your band's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thriling more intricating more easy.

When religion in the sun; so in the sun; so in the the sun; so in the the sun; so in the

JEALOUS HUSBAND.

winds that wander around the blue sea isles and parant carnestness at his Theresa, Derwent garden walks, leaving the husband and wife and her fainting condition, he could give only as beautiful as a dream of love. Those who read instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing and terrible na-

'I'm a fool!' he would say to himself, in ence of his peculiar temperament; and yet, husband. though conclous of his folly, he continued Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, tell me, Edward.' in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green-eyed monster within him.

summer retreat, a few miles from town, ter his mind. where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh air, the jealons apouse. and all the choicest fruits of the season.— You didn't mentio Among those present was a young man of wife. fine person, good address, and well cultivated was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived, she was received with marked atten-

idle fancy; but his jealous heat gave to the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon The was it possible for any one to look upon The tasteless food he put into his mouth. He tasteless for the tasteless for resa and not love her? And was she proof tinued indisposition, and went back to his If ever a man was heartily ashamed of him. In fact learning and to remitting, drafts and inundations. against all the appeals of a fervid admiration; room accompanied, of course, by his wife. self, that man was Edward Derwent.—Months philosophy are of no use for salvation; and last, being in need of funds, we wrote that The more he saw, felt and thought, the more

an incident occured that painfully corrobera- oak tree; but not a word was said by Ther- the avowal of his suspicion. ting at a window of the room they occupied mind. thinking of the dangers that surrounded his "Why should she conceal from me the fact bride, and meditating a speedy return to town of her having received a letter?" Derwent her a letter. She looked eagerly at the ad-Crossing the room with a palpitating heart, ments he saw her glide forth from a mass of the susshine and storms of at least a hundred

he was unable to determine the character of

ing of Theresa.

'Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?' he asked

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastly, towards the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation,tone-his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his

'What's the matter, Edward ?- are you un

'I don't feel very well,' replied Derwent

who felt his position to be an awkward one, and by the time Derwent had drawn on his Edward Derwent had been married only and was, strange to say, more anxious to con-three weeks, when a cloud came over his sky. ceal his suspicions than he had been, a few frightened voice called out to know what intended to be read before breakfast and forgotten many attractions, that he could not see how. Theresa drew her arm within his, and said, that his wife had fainted, opened the door,

Journal. The writers genius is as wild as the culine gender was observed to gaze with ap- rather formally, and turned down one of the inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream

by themselves.

moments when he was less under the influ- nough now, awkwardly stammered the young tions, carefully concealing the cause of her 'You do not look well,' replied Theresa,

There was so much of real tenderness in whole time that efforts were making for her the young wife's voice, that his heart smote restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked A part of the honeymoon was spent at a him for the suspicion he had permitted to en- a lady who had come in if she would not re-

'I have not felt well for a day or two,' said ing from the room, he hu ied into the open

mind, who was a favorite with all. His name feelings; but I'm better now.' And the re- speak, almost at a single glance, its contents,

was already a cherished companion; and those the house, and went up to their room. The- silk, which you sent me to be altered has discourse, of a conversation which passed he- him for anything besides the coat of a suit to whom she was in'roduced, soon perceived resa had proposed a walk, as likely to refresh been totally ruined through the carelessness tween the Emperor Napoleon, after his ban- he had commenced and discontinued. We in her qualities to admire or love. From the day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not unfrequently happened portunity to show it to him; so he objected turn to town, and give me an oportunity to It is so well authenticated, and so interesting had with a lawyer cut at Jefferson city, who that the jealous young man and his wife, to the walk, and said he should lie down for fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; but in itself, that we here present that portion had collected for us a claim of several bun-

or summer houses that were scattered over the rest of the afternoon, not a word did The-convenienced by this mishap, I am very rethe lawns and gardens. On such occasions, resa say about the letter she had received; specifully yours, 'Mary Mode.' Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own made very irregular by the overflowing of it was plain to him that Edmonds looked con-fused; and he was much mistaken if the did not think it safe to re-fused; and he was much mistaken if the treesing doubts. At tea-time Edmonds der that blow, he expired half an hour after-hloom on the heavytiful sheeks of his wife did bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not take a deeper hue.

The river was so low then her husband's neck, told him of the frightful and actions unknown before. Jesus borrow. The river was so low then, he said, that he At first Derwent tried to think this all an band sat silent and moody, forcing himself apparition she had seen in the night; and ed nothing from our knowledge. He exhib- found it extremely inconvenient to get him

uneasy did the young man become, and the more certain was he that Edmonds entermore certain was he that the th tained the purpose of winning from him the versation with Theresa, in which he endeav- then he concealed so much of the truth that myself, founded Empires; but on what found- getting to add in the two years' interest, but

ted, in his mind, all his fears. He was sit- esa on the subject that was uppermost in his

as her face was turned so far away that her would be found the missive that was to re- your lover, you are not excited or confused, you General "-N. Y. Evangelist, husband could see only a small portion of it, move his fears or blight his happiness forever. you have ceased blushing continually in his Such was the conclusion of the young man's presence you experience a feeling of quiet WHAT HOPE DID.-It stole on its pinions of her emotions. But he did not in the least mind. For the pocket he now commenced doubt that the communication was from Ed an eager search; but any one who has been feeling," you are perfectly contented with from became a smile - the emblem of Peace construction on the offensive letter. After commissioned by his wife to go to her ward- everything in this terrestrial world, especially and endurance. Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent robe and bring her something from the pock- your lover and yourself; and yet withal it is a It went to the house of mourning-and could with difficulty restrain himself from et of a dress-of course no man would think foolish feeling as you sit with his arms twined from the lipe of porrow there came sweet and

happiness. A little relection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the dvelopement of things. It might be that the letter which Theresa had receved was not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as she not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as she him she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to the pulled open the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how they are the bosom of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how they are the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how many first a point of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how many first a point of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how many first a point of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could be find.

While thus engaged he felt something hard, happy feeling.

But let some one whom you like very much, how many for the string thing in the bosom of the writing thing in the bosom of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no point in the bosom of the writing thing in the bosom of the writing thing in the bo

Yes' replied the lady. I saw her walk- ling noise. The pocket was easily found bright earnest of things to come, thrilling and amid its billows. Part witing towards the garden, some ten minutes within; but the entrance thereto was as far burning with this new ecstatic emotion remain keep thy hope.—Chester. ago, with Mr. Edmonds.' as ever from being discovered; and two or with Edmonds!' he exclaimed, completely three minutes more elapsed in vain search, Journal. when, desperately grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the Before he was near enough to hear the sound ding forward and staring at him, her face of their voices—for they conversed in a soft looked agitated and pale in the dim moon-

ened, as well she might be, into a swoon, whole as vanity and vexation.—Fielding

'Nothing-nothing,' returned Derwent, dry movments above and around were heard; 'What is the matter, Edward?' asked The- members of the family soon appearing, active resa, anxiously, as soon as they were entirely efforts were made to restore the fainting bride who, in about an hour, was so far recovered Nothing particular-only-I feel well e- as to open her eyes and answer a few quesfright,

Day had began to dawn ere Theresa was none the less a fool. It only required a good her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's so far recovered as to be thought by the fam-looking young man to ait by the side of his face as she spoke. 'What is the matter? do ily in a condition to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had remained aloof nearly the main with his wife for half an hour. Escapair, and as soon as he had reached a place 'You didn't mention that before,' said his where no eye could be upon him, he drew the letter he had out med from his pocket. 'No, for it would only have disturbed your Opening it once mees, he devoured, so to

portice, or in some one of the pleasant arbors or summer houses that were scattered over the rest of the afternoon, not a word did The-

Thus the matter stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country; then an incident occurred that painfully corrobers, and at this hour, millions an incident occurred that painfully corrobers.

Squeezing Hands --- By A Lady.

in order to avoid them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight, a servant stepped up and handed For half the night the jealous husband lay your fingers to your beart's content, but you other I see no army, but a mysterious force, awake, a prey to the most harrassing suspic- are perfectly calm and collected, and experi- some men scattered here and there in all the tree, not being energetic enough to dress, and as she did so, a flush suffused her face—then hiding the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house.

Crossing the room with a palpitating heart. Crossing the room with a palpitating heart,
Derwent passed quickly to another window
near which he rightly conjectured Theresa
would go to read her letter. In a few mo
ments he saw her glide forth from a mass of meats he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic bench beneath some old oak trees that had known the sunshipe and storms of at least a hundred. Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for feel mortified for yourself, and mortified that claimed, loved and adored, and which is exthe night, and searched in the bosom for the a man of his years should make such a fool tending over the whole earth. Call you this letter. But it was not there. He then lift- of himself, that he should think you can really dying? Is it not living, rather? The death Here she drew the letter from her bosom, ed the garment in his hand, and shook it care- like such nonsense, and above all, that you of Christ in the death of God "

going to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little relection taught him the

be mistaken. Hoping that she would come the young man's frame. Here was the letter! veins, rushes to your finger ends! your heart had become the Ishmael of society—and led to prove the style of a firm, adding that he be enistaken. Hoping that she would come the young man's trame. Here was the letter, your heart up to their room, he remained there for half more hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, goes bump! bump! survey, you think he must him onward to works which even his enemies he sought an entrance to the place where the hear it throbing! for the life of you you can have projectly in the bill was paid. We hope he will find it good projectly; we paid five for taking another. bor enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer Derwent descended to the parlor—no one was there. He passed out into the portico, but saw noth
He passed out into the portico, but saw noth
He passed out into the portico, but saw noth
He sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, not speak. After letting your hand remain in his just lor, genough to show you are not wolved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

He sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, not speak. After letting your hand remain in his just lor, genough to show you are not volved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening. Impatiently he thrust his arm through the don't do so" which is answered by a still it may depart not. It will repay your pains, dress, and at a single sweep turned it entire- closer pressure, with downcast eyes and blush- Life is hard enough at best-but hope shall y inside out, making as he did so a loud rurg. ing cheek, you let the little hand, this first lead thee over its mountains and sustain thee ling noise. The pocket was easily found bright earnest of things to come, thrilling and amid its billows. Part with all beside but we will fee another to dispute with him.

when, desperately grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the outside until, at the corresponding part of the garment, he found the long-hidden open-the garment, he found the garment gar ing. A mement more, and the letter was in his hand. Eagerly he tere it open, and was imbue them with high principles, with the sted fiddle, from tea-time till sunrise; while a been, eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Potts, when she ende voring by the moonlight to obtain a fear of God, and of their fellow men we ensoldier, grown weary with quietness, will no saw Mr. Potts practicing the corkscrew polks. They did not observe his approach. Twice before he reached them, Edmonds stooped to
pluck a flower which was presented to the lapluck a flower which was pre

Deary-Death is a part of life. It is noth light. Before he could speak, she utered a ing more than the negation of life. If life wild scream, and fell forward upon the bed. therefore be no general good, death is no gen- the Carpet Bug: Here was, indeed, a dilemma-and more eral evil .- Who shall decide it? Not women

When religion is made science there is noth-house, never made one begged, the Same, when the bill you speak of is ing more intricate; when made a daty noth- the confusion that existed nor once begged, the Same, when the bill you speak of is us not to look round," that of standing let it sit down. Yours, G. L."

NUMBER 29.

STANZAS.

A single bud was growing Upon a parent tree; We thought that form so fragile, A rose could never be: But since the wind, in passing, Has brought a gentle shower. The bud that seemed so drooping. Is now a queenly flower.

A jewel once was hidden Within a rayless mine; Amid the dreary darkness How could its lustre shine? They bere it from its prison,

That peerless, priceless gent And now in gargeous splender, It decks a diadem. Oh! thus there may be buried.

Within some human mind,
A treasure that is hidden—
That only love could find!
And like the Sud that opened. When soft the rain appeared, A hope may sweetly blossom, When by effection cheered,

Then judge not thou too harshly, Nor yet too soon condemn: For every soul's a flower, And every heart's a geme Perhaps a word may soften A spirit stained by sin-

Then think not of the outward, But everlook within:

Napoleon's View of Christ.

After awhile the headacke, with which he were suffered to go by, ere he ventured to Jesus came into the world, to reveal the mys we must insist on having the money. irre-

of men would die for Him.

in this paragraph from the Detroit Tones: there is a man behind it? altogether on who blows the bass drum."

than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's and children, but wise men. Thalse, the less costume, she does not try to dodge bewell? asked Theresa, with much concern, worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searchthe moment she looked into her husband's ing for the letter had betrayed him into maindifferent. Socrates the greatest of all at ing for the letter had betrayed him into maindifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all phiking noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife losophers; speaks of death as a deliverance. She remains calm and self-possessed and "Sir:—Y who, seeing that he had obtained possession of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightsion of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightened, as well she might be, into a swoon.

She remains caim and self-possessed and
makes up in dignity what she may want in
ding a long time. By acttleing it you will
decoration. The most sensible woman we
ened, as well she might be, into a swoon.

Whole as vanity and vexation.—Fielding When religion is made science there is noth- house, never made one word of apology for reply:

When religion is made science there is noth- house, never made one word of apology for reply:

The confusion that existed nor once begged the See when the bill you speak of is

LAWYERS AND LAWYERS! FEES.

TANGERS STREET

The editor of the Philadelphia Register gives the following as his experience with the dealings of lawyers:

We not only respect lawyers, but have a lively admiration for them. Who ever heard of one of them taking a fee in an unjust cause? Or doing a hard hearted thing? Or saying what he did not bolieve? Or oncouraging litigation? Or misrepresenting evidence to the jury? Or brow beating a modest witness? Or saving a viltain by a legal public quibble? De Tocqueville rightly says they are the aristogracy, that is, the best ration of them is founded on a large experience of their virtues. Let me call up for a moment, from our pleasantest memories of the past, the images of a few lawyers of our

equaintance. There is our friend at Columbus, Mississippi, who never varies from his scale of charges, even for friends. We sent him once for collection, a bill of nine dollars against a subscriber. He collected it the same day and sent us, by return mail, his own bill for a fee of lifes n dollars, with a polite dun for the unpaid bilance of six. We remitted instanter, thanking him for his promptness. Then, there is the eminent counseller, at

Lake Providence, who charged us two hundred dollars on a bill of exchange for two thousand, which had been paid on presentation. We remonstrated, and he consoled us for not having collected through a bank, by the assurance, that if professional etiquette original charge, which he was kind enough

to admit was rather too heavy.

A still better man was a Texas lawyer, to whom we entrusted a disputed land claim on an arrangement called the 'halves,' very common in that part of the country. A fa-cetious dog was Smith. About eighteen months clapsed without our hearing from him. He then wrote us, in unswer of our twentieth episile, that he had done remarks. bly well with the claim, having comproarrived, she was received with marked attention by all; for, with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those was already

ness or activity ? The laziest one we ever "It was not a day, or battle, that achieved knew lived at Shawnectown, Illinois. Ho the triumph of the Christian religion in the had promised for a year or two, to remit to world. No it was a long war, a contest of Louisville some money he had collected for What an immense difference it makes who three centuries, begun by the apostles, then us. Business-like demands, cajolery, per-

We have a lively remembrance of having been long kept in constant bodily fear by lawyer of Little Rock, Arkansas. He had maintained a most obstinate silence for more than a year after receiving for us the full amount of e, claim. To a letter in which we and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression on her mind; but was altogether probable; and there, no doubt, we her form was through so for warre that her he ended by requesting us to name our friend and westpons, as he would come on and fight us on our own ground. We wrote happiness, "a little heave upon earth sort of snow to the bed of disease; neid the sufferer's him, by return post, to put a Pickwickian applying to some forty lawyers to collect the claim from our belligerent attorney-all of them refusing the business on the plea of professional delicacy-we succeeded in retaining one, on a promise of twenty per cent. As the warlike one's charge was twelve, sixty-right per cent, was all that ever cam

The New York lawyers are noble and dashing fractitioners. Marmion never charg-ed more spiritedly. It was only the other day one of them sent us a bill of sixty dollars for seeing to a deposition of a few lines But we have said enough. Our readers may think of our article as Mr. Brown does of newspaper criticism on the bar-that

is time this thing was stopped," We have abown why and how we admire lawyers .-Should any of them dissent from our views. Why not? Does not the accepted theory make a lawyer a moral gladiator, with the let, on his ferchead? Box any one feel, The "power of music" is fercibly illustrated when listening to forensic elequence, that

and I've eat too m much lemonade." "Eat what?" "Ye-es-hic-est that too" Nothing truer than this little hit from this juncture a heavy squelch announced the downfall of the head of the Potts family.

A tradesman wrote to a hard customer as